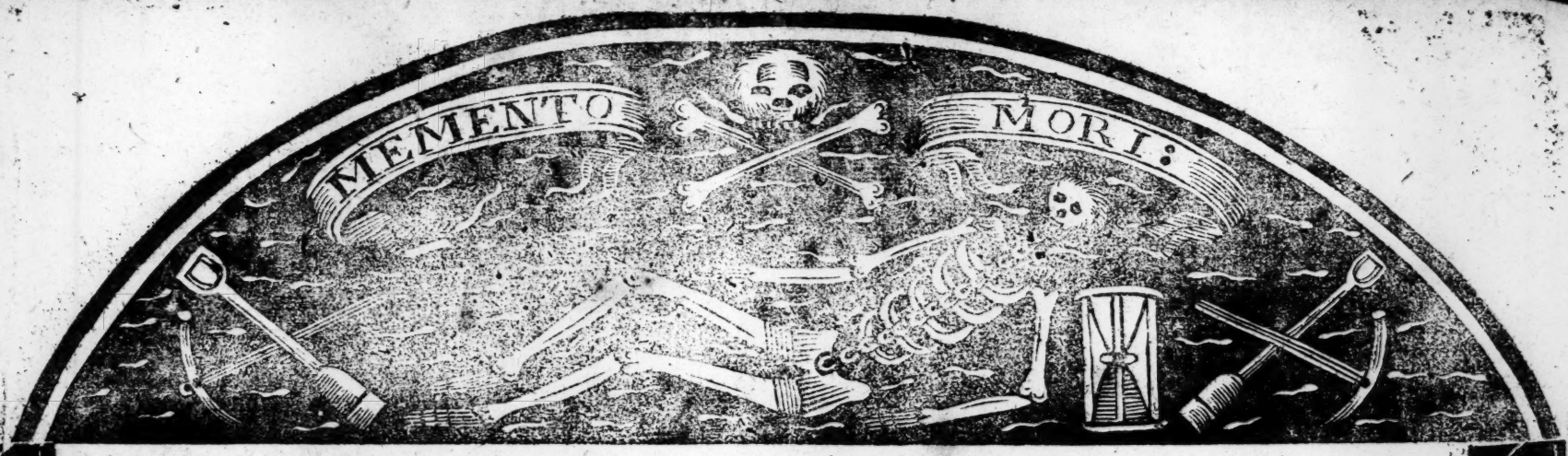

ELEGY,

Occasioned by the Death of

The Reverend Mr. Samuel Smith,

LATE

ORDINARY of NEWGATE,

Who departed this Life on the 28*th.* Day of *August* 1698. Aged 72 Years.

WHAT, shall a Man so justly famous Dye,
And no one yet to write his Elegy?
No threadbare Authour Squeez a *doleful Tale*
Out of a *Penny Brick*, and *pint of Ale*,
To tell the wondering World that *Smith* is Dead,
And just like other People in his Bed.
Ye Meager Bards who high in Garrets dwell,
Near *Jewin* street, and drink at *Crouders Well*
Whose every moments fertil work produces
Wast-Paper for the Cooks and Grocers uses.
A while suspend your other News, and give
This Man a Verse that *He again may Live*,
And from Your Muse, *receive his Breath that's fled*
To Preach a Sermon after he's been Dead.
But see the fondling scriblers rather chuse,
To dwell upon their dear Familiar News,
And keep to forgeing Blazeing Stars, or tell
How Felons hang'd, and much lamented fell.
These are the Themes which others like, but I
Will Sing of him, who taught the rest to Dye,
Forgive, Dead Preist, if I not well express
Thy worth, or make thy *Well-known Merits* less,
If this my Pen, should not perform its part,
In giveing holy *Sam* his due desert.
For if those Men whom Sinners hate, are good,
And Sinners hate those not by Sin subdu'd,
Thou surely might'st thy Goodness cheifly boast,
For of all Mortals then wast hated most.
Witness the many Dying Folks, who here
Would ev'n so much as take thy proffer'd Prayer,
And tho' for want of Holy Men distress'd
Would Dye Repentless, not by thee Confess'd.
How often has thy Counsel been refus'd,
And Thou without *Absolving fee* abus'd?
When Criminals thy *Knowledg* would disgrace,
And dar'd to send for *Learning* in thy Place.
But Heav'n at last has hear'd the Prisners Pray'rs
And took Thee from this Worlds attending Cares;
Aged in Years, and Worn with Greif, to see
Thy Counsel laugh'd at, as they laugh'd at Thee.
And let the Silent Grave thy Body take,
Offenceless now, because it cannot *Speak.*

The EPITAPH.

Under this stone here lies a Preist
Whose Praying, nor his Preaching
Could never Edefie the least,
Tho' He was allways Teaching.
Others his good advice could lead
With calmness to the Gallows:
But chose Himself *to dye in's Bed,*
Not Hang *amongst such* Fellows.

LONDON, Printed for and Sold by *J. Read* near *Fleet-street.* 1698.